

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 228.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

PRICE 1^d.

MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.

SICKNESS.

It is astonishing to the hale man suddenly struck down by illness how little about human life he has hitherto known. Only, as it were, the front view of it. He now sees for the first time what is behind. This is especially the case with the Man of the World. Sickness is not included in his programme. He never calculated upon spending any considerable portion of time *out* of the world, confined to his room or his bed. He did not expect, of course, to be wholly free from physical pain. He has felt toothache, which was no joke, and been obliged to have the confounded thing removed by the dentist (when for the moment it really seemed to him to be the End of the Universe); he has had a touch of neuralgia perhaps; and something shooting in his great toe, upon one occasion, which was uncommonly like what he could imagine was a twinge of the gout. But he has experienced nothing of serious illness, although (which is very different) he has seen something of it in others. There was that case of 'poor Kit Reynolds of the Greys—paralysis of the spine, sir; most infernal thing—no rest, no motion, no anything—almost more than any fellow deserves,' as it seemed; one looked in upon poor Kit while that was going on, but not often nor for long. One's engagements—'had to try a horse down Pimlico-way,' or 'promised to join some fellows at Lord's'—had never permitted of that. Everything was done for Kit that could be done, you understand: and there was really no *use* in our being with him, or we would have stopped any amount of time. And wherever we went after such visits, we had told of what we had seen in that sad sick-room, and everybody had agreed that it was 'deuced hard lines' on Kit.

But to be personally acquainted with illness—to have it one's self—is quite another thing from this. What a time it seems, as one lies here half in thought, half in dream, since that day at the club, when we suddenly felt so queer—'You've been

looking precious black under the eyes, my boy, for days,' observed one of our friends afterwards, but we had not remarked it ourselves—when the newspaper at which we were looking suddenly grew dark as though it were *all* print, and old Colonel Blazer cried: 'Quick, you fool, and get him a glass of water,' to the waiter. That's about all we recollect about it. It must be very long ago; not only because we are worn to a shadow, and when the looking-glass (not very willingly) is brought and placed in our hand, we scarcely recognise the features, but because we have been living another life altogether since, more different from the old one than if we had emigrated to the Antipodes, and become a settler, or (what has always seemed much the same thing to us in Pall Mall) a savage. No politics, no scandal, no good stories or 'good things' have reached our ears; no outdoor sights, nor (to speak of) indoor; no parson in pulpit, no ballet-dancer on the stage; no crowded place of assembly of any sort, no book even, no picture, no everyday object of any kind, has met our eyes. We have been in a new world altogether. The very bedroom with which we were familiar enough, one would suppose, wears now quite a new aspect. Everything is altered, but yet not strange. We seem as accustomed to this sort of life as to the old one; and to have passed about an equal time in each. We have been very kindly tended; a strong though indistinct sense of gratitude pervades us; many friends have called (it has been told us), and repeatedly; we have been by no means forgotten by the people that are going about the streets, outside yonder, in the usual fashion, working, or even walking (for that seems a great thing now), and enjoying themselves; but we concern ourselves most with the angel in the house, who has been hovering about us all this while, and ministering unto us. One's wife, perhaps (God bless her), who has not left us night or day (as we hear afterwards); or, if we are not so fortunate as to possess a wife, some other gracious woman. Men cannot nurse: of course, out in the backwoods, or on board ship, or in a military hospital, they endeavour to do so; but with all

their good-will and tenderness, there is something lacking. The hand that smooths the pillow, the voice that almost soothes the pain, do not belong to the Male. And yet this is the sex that men, when they are well, often ill-treat, and still more often despise. For our own part (and we are no whit worse than our fellows), it seems to us, as we lie here, that we have deserved no such ministration at their hands, but quite another sort of treatment. Why do not they neglect us, when we have nothing left about us to admire, as we neglect and desert them? By the by, we have had delirium, it seems, and What may we have said, or not have said, about that subject? Nothing, let us hope; or, if anything, only what has been put down to a disordered imagination. She has placed our favourite *Saturday Review* close to our pillow, in case—quite a hopeless one—we should find ourselves well enough to read it. We always thought the *Saturday* uncommon hard on women, that we will say. Let us hope it won't write down the sex so as to abolish it altogether.

Lemonade? 'Thank you.' Iced too. They must surely drink iced lemonade in Paradise, and yet we used to call it Wash. Bless the Yankees (whom we always hated so) for the introduction of Wenham Lake Ice. The idea of putting such a delicious invention as that into sherry! How we do hate wine just now! Who wants to smoke and hurt his digestion? The Total Abstiners and the Anti-Tobacco Society have acquired a new Sympathiser.

Sun-blinds! They were a good idea too, whoever hit upon them: how softly comes the summer air beneath them, and how sweetly. Somebody has placed a box of flowers in the open window. *Mignonette!* Yes, *mignonette*. How far off seem the street-sounds: they are like the murmur of a distant sea! Moreover, they seem to break short off when they grow near, and change to a sort of muffled rumble. How is that? *Straw*. Ah, She has had straw laid down, as if we were a lady in the—ahem—in an interesting condition. Very pleasant, though, is that precaution. If a butcher-boy suddenly breaks out into a carol as he passes under the window, we break out into what is called 'a png' upon the instant—a profuse perspiration. When the street-door bell rings—they have tied up the knocker, perhaps with a lemon-coloured kid glove, to disabuse the public mind—it tingles all down one's spine. If an organ—By George, there is an organ! How our brain thuds, how our limbs quiver! Will they *never* stop him? Yes; they have stopped him now, and we hope killed him. But oh, the legacy of pain that vile thing leaves behind it! *Thrown back*. Ah, we know what that means now, and how easily the thing is done.

Chicken-broth. Very good. But how odd that one can't feed one's self—that She has to carry the spoon to our mouth, as if one was an infant—no, infants use bottles. 'May we never want an infant, nor a bottle to give him.' *Hush*. We must not excite ourselves, it seems, even with the smallest jokes; although the making of them is a good sign. The doctor has forbidden it. What doctor? In our university-days, there was a man who, in pushing the brusqueness of Abernethy to downright brutality, imagined he was imitating his genius. A medical monster. Could it be he? What nonsense! And why has one a tendency to talk nonsense? *Fever*. O yes, of course, we remember it all now. It was

very curious. What faces and forms have we lately seen! As a general rule, we are unable to recall the likenesses of people to our remembrance; but we have made up of late for all omissions of that kind. A constant stream of well-known countenances have been visiting us, but not all—to judge by the expression of their features—with the best intentions. Faces of those long dead, as well as of the living—familiar faces, and those which we seem to have seen but once in our lives before, and then when one was but a child. It is now that we learn that 'there is no such thing as forgetting'; that Memory only slumbers—never dies.

The most beautiful and artistic forms have also flitted before us; and from such an inadequate cause! That paper we were last reading at the club was the *Illustrated London News*, and it contained a picture of some piece of statuary. All the galleries of France and Italy have been introduced to us by that single illustration. Hercules and Apollo; Fauns and Satyrs in crowds; not so many Nymphs as one could have wished, but still several; Shepherds; and a Chiropodist—no, the Boy extracting a Thorn. No paintings at all: everything presented has been quite colourless—white. We have only listened to one conversation, but this has been repeated, and never failed to have a personal interest, for the subject has been our own funeral. We were dead, and some of our club friends were discussing the question of interment. Like poor folks, our 'club,' it seems, was to bury us; at all events, these gentlemen were debating about the expense of that operation. 'Look here,' said one (and the remark was more characteristic than could have possibly been invented); 'I'll subscribe to no fund; I decline to do that upon principle; I'll join with nobody in doing anything; but if ten shillings will bury him out and out, I'll give the ten shillings—there!' We could see him emphasise his words upon his fingers, just as in real life; the lifting of his eyebrows; and the shoving his hands into his pockets (a sign, with him, that they were closed). On receiving the not unexpected news that ten shillings would scarcely cover the expenses, he exclaimed: 'Ah, then I don't give anything—mind that.' We laughed at him (in the sleeve of our night-shirt), just as we were always wont to laugh aloud at his droll humour.

No. 2 was more ostentatious, although, in reality, less friendly. 'He shall have a splendid tomb of purest alabaster' [tomb exhibited]—'a sarcophagus, sir, if it costs me a thousand pounds.'

To him No. 1, in a tone of surprised remonstrance: 'You don't mean to say that? You are not going to put a sarcophagus of white what-d'-ye-call-it over him?'.

No. 2 (reflecting): 'Eh! No; that won't do, will it? Not over him—certainly not over him. He must be buried somewhere else, of course. It shall be a Cenotaph.'

This conversation was repeated, word for word, about twelve times.

Hark! there is a real—and, indeed, a most material—step coming up the stairs; for he is stout. The doctor comes—smiling, cheerful, but reticent. 'Yes, we have had a bad bout,' he allows; 'but all is going on well now.'—What have we had?—'Well, just a touch of bilious fever.'—Just a touch! As a matter of fact (we feel) it was touch and go.

There have been intervals—long ones—of consciousness; what the newspapers call, in the case of maniacs, 'lucid' ones. And we remember all

about them—which, however, is not much. Was the contemplation of Death terrible? Not at all. Not nearly so sad as the occasional thoughts of it that pass across the minds of even Men of the World in health. Perhaps the sense of weakness, of incapacity, overpowered everything. Indeed, that must have been so, since there was not even regret at leaving our dear ones, no passionate yearnings, no remorse. Let us hope *that* is to come, for it is needful.

He did not do much harm, nor yet much good,
And might have been much better if he would,

might have been written (and even worse) atop of that alabaster sarcophagus. Heigh-ho! If we even move our hand to our forehead, we grow weary. Yet we have every comfort, every aid. How do people manage in the country? Ice difficult to procure—doctor miles away—when one wants things, to have to wait. My God! what do the poor do everywhere? [*Mem.*, to write out cheque for hospital. Better do it at once.—There; *that's* done, and pleasant too; but it tires one.] Fancy lying thus amid squalor! no soft pillows; no cool drinks; no fresh air! There are some people who pass their lives in giving these things to those who want them, in seeking out the squalor, in personally aiding these unhappy ones. It is very easy to write a cheque.—To think of the poor folks that are *never* well—the Bedridden. How different the world must seem to *them*, and to us at the club. Cripples must surely hop straight to heaven. But *We!* However, when we get better, we shall doubtless lose all these unpleasant reflections.

We do get better; but it is a long process. We begin to feel impatient [*'Good sign,'* says the doctor], and to kick against the filthy medicines that we formerly took, our dear nurse says, 'like a lamb.' The idea of a lamb taking two pills at night, something black and detestable in the morning, and something else three times a day in water! *Ba!*

How we love the sun! We do not wonder any more at the Parsee religion, but only at their hats. [Tall, you know, and with a hole for the rain to accumulate.] We see a great deal of him, for we often wake at daybreak [*'Not a bad sign,'* says the doctor: nothing is bad now, it seems]; sometimes we feebly drag ourselves to the window, and look out. Then the World seems quite different to what it used to at the same hour when we were coming home late from some sort of dissipation. Unspeakably fresh and cool, and, above all things, New. Each seems the first day that ever was made: the first day for any one of us to begin a new life in; a blank page for us to write in it what we will. So calm and solemn; and though there may not be a breath of air, yet whispering unspeakable things. However, when we get stronger, we shall doubtless lose these morbid impressions.

We do get stronger: we go *out*—of course, for the first time, on wheels; a mode of progression we have always detested. The being taken round and round in the orbit of the fashionable world in Hyde Park, used to seem to us the culmination of genteel idiocy; but how delightful even *that* is now! The passing through the air: the sight of the trees and the grass; even the fine folks, lounging and lolling, have their charms for us. It is pleasant to lounge, and loll, one's self, when one is weak; and doubtless that is why *they* do it. How busy

the streets are! All 'business has been carried on as usual during the alterations' in *our* premises; and if those alterations had resulted in a complete change—in removal to the alabaster sarcophagus—it would have gone on, strange as that seems, exactly the same.

Presently, one begins to toddle a little on one's own legs. 'Glad to see you about again—deuced glad!' says the gentleman who had refused to subscribe to our burial-fund; and 'Gad! I was afraid we had lost you,' says he who offered the Cenotaph. Wine and tobacco ('Excellent sign!') says the doctor, who only looks in now once a week or so) become welcome again: and we grow wicked daily, in all sorts of ways. There is a phrase called 'Well and good'; but it's only a phrase, we fear, as respects ourselves. There is an old rhyme, on the other hand, that fits us to a hair:

The devil was ill—the devil a saint would be:
The devil got well—the devil a saint was he.

And yet there are some seeds of good left by that sickness; they ought to be mustard-seeds; but they grow no higher than mustard and cress: still, they do grow. We feel more sympathy for others that are sick; more grateful for the ordinary, and formerly unnoticed, blessings of health. It is unquestionably a beneficial experience—this Sickness—for it increases enjoyment. Still, one does not wish to be ill again: you might as well expect the child to desire the discipline of the rod; and besides, the next time matters might end worse—namely, in the alabaster sarcophagus—if even they end *there*. The maxim of Men of the World, therefore, who wish to act up to their mundane views, is to keep in health, for protracted illness may undermine their principles! It is to me a most surprising thing that some folks, even when they are ill, continue to be so desperately vicious. I protest that for three whole weeks, through which I once lay insensible, and for more than a month afterwards, when I was thoroughly prostrated through weakness, my behaviour was in every respect without reproach. Spiritual pride is not in my nature; but I will lay a wager that no other Man of the World who has *not* been ill, is able to refer to seven weeks of irreproachable conduct: the loser to take a wine-glassful of cold-drawn castor-oil. Ugh!

FIVE BROTHERS' FIVE FIXES.

PART II.—NED THE PARSON'S FIX.

ACCORDING to seniority, Jack the sailor would have followed the last speaker, but he had just lighted a fresh cigar and mixed a tumbler of grog, and declared he would not go on next. So Ned the parson was obliged to relate his experience.

'I do not know,' he began, 'good people, what you mean by a fix; but if you mean an awkward predicament, which for the season is unpleasant, but may or may not end advantageously for the individual chiefly concerned, I can relate to you an interesting narration in which I was the principal performer; but if by fix you intend to designate some circumstance in the chapter of accidents in human life which of necessity must terminate very unpleasantly, like the case of our elder brother Richard, why, all I can say is that'—

'You are an ass, Ned,' burst in Dick. 'In the first place, you know very well what a fix is. You

have not left college long enough to have quite forgotten slang. Secondly, Ned, allow me to remark that my fix did end advantageously, most advantageously, for I got out of matrimony, and saw how nearly through it I had got into trouble. Thirdly, permit me, my dear fellow, to observe, and I will answer for it that the rest of the company, or congregation, as I suppose you would call them, will endorse my observation, that you are not now in the pulpit, and consequently you need not use the longest words you can find; moreover, you may come to the point at once, provided you have a point to come to; and although we happen to be nearly related to you, it is not absolutely necessary that, in the course of your story, you should address us more than once as "My Brethren" or "My dear Brethren."

"*Très bien,*" replied Ned good-humouredly. "I will tell you a fix, a clerical one to boot; moreover, it is the biggest I ever was in, and yet it ended so advantageously as to start me well in life. Just after I was married, I took the curacy—a sole charge—of B—, in Warwickshire. I resided in the rectory, the rector himself being obliged to live in the south of France. Callers of course came, but, owing to one circumstance and another, we missed seeing most of them. Before we had started on our round of returning visits, I received a friendly note from Mr Chilmark, a vicar in the neighbourhood, stating that, in former times, he had known my father at college; that he had the rural dean and a few friends coming to dine with him on such a day, and that if my wife and I would waive ceremony (we had not then returned his call), Mrs Chilmark and he would be much pleased if we would join their dinner-party. I should remark that my wife and I had never seen Mr or Mrs Chilmark: we were out in the parish when they called on us. They lived about three miles on the other side of the town of W—, from which we were two miles distant. In those days, I did not keep a close carriage, but drove my wife in an open waggonette. I did not know the country at all well; but having studied the map, and got directions from an acquaintance, I had little doubt but that, with the help of a young moon, I should find my way."

It so happened that the night of November 17, 185—, was very foggy: the moon was hardly of any use to us. We could find our way to the town of W— all right, because it was a turnpike-road, and I was acquainted with it; but with regard to the other side of the town and the cross-roads, I hardly knew what to do. I made up my mind to see if I could get on at all; and if I found myself in the least degree puzzled, I determined to go back, and get a hostler from the town, to act as a guide. As we were leaving W—, and about to drive through a turnpike, a well-appointed carriage overtook us, and passed through the gate just before us. I asked the woman at the gate whose carriage it was. "Mr Singleton's," she replied. "How fortunate," exclaimed my wife; "that is the rural dean. We know he is going to dine with the Chilmarks; so you have only to follow close upon him, and we shall be all right." Acting on my wife's bright suggestion, I did follow the carriage, and that closely. Luckily, my horse was a good one. Occasionally, when near water, we seemed to be plunging through darkness, so thick was the fog. However, all went well; and at last I was glad to follow the carriage before me through an avenue

up to a large house, whose hall was blazing with light, and resplendent with the liveries of the servants. We did not take much notice then of these things; but, as I divested myself of my wraps, and my wife was putting herself straight in some back-room, I could not help envying Mr Chilmark, and thinking that his living must be an exceedingly good one, as he was able to have things in such style.

"In a few minutes we were ushered into the drawing-room, the butler making, as usual, some blunder about our names when announcing us. Mr and Mrs Chilmark came forward and kindly accosted us. My wife was installed on a sofa near the fire, and I formed one of a knot of gentlemen lounging in the background. We were a large party, about twenty in number; and as the butler left the room, I thought I heard Mrs Chilmark give the order "Dinner." A few dull moments, as usual, before that meal, when suddenly an electrical shock of a curious nature was communicated to the majority assembled in the drawing-room. The door was opened, and instead of dinner being announced, the butler ushered in Mr and Mrs Templeton. There did not appear to me to be anything unusual in this, but evidently a great commotion was created. Persons looked curiously at my wife and myself, and at last Mr Chilmark touched me on the shoulder, saying: "May I speak a word with you in the library?" I followed, and noticed my host, in crossing the hall, say something to one of the servants.

"As soon as we were closeted together, Mr Chilmark's manner changed at once. "Now, sir," said he to me, "what is the meaning of all this? Who are you really? Where do you come from?" Of course I was surprised; and wishing my father's peppery friend, Mr Chilmark, at the very opposite side of the globe, I calmly stated who I was, and reminded him of his invitation.

"I invite you, sir!" he roared; "you—you—you"—He bit his lips to check his angry words.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "you did; and you asked also Mr Singleton, the rural dean, and I have come, not exactly with him, but just after him."

"Stop, sir; no more lies."

"Excuse me, sir," I replied; "one more word, and I have done. Either you are prematurely drunk, or you are mad. I do not care to dine with either drunkard or madman. I shall call my wife out of the drawing-room, and beg to wish you good-evening."

"Excuse me, sir," he hissed through his teeth, while he placed himself between me and the door; "you will not get off so easily, young man."

"Now this was a pleasant predicament thus to be closeted with a madman."

"Pray, may I ask you what on earth you mean?" said I.

"Pray, may I ask you what on earth you mean?" he replied. "Do you know who I am?—where you are?"

"Yes; you are Mr Chilmark, the rector of —, a very old friend of my father, the late Mr Temple of —; I am standing in your library at your rectory, having been asked here to dine; and upon my word, the sooner I get out of your hospitable house, and cut your acquaintance for good, the better I shall be pleased."

"He grinned horribly as I spoke, and said: "I am Lord Claydon. This is Claydon Castle. I

never asked you to dine; and, in short, you are a scamp. I have already sent for a policeman, and till he arrives, you shall not leave this room."

"Well," thought I, "thank goodness, he has sent for a policeman; so ere long I shall get rid of this madman's society." What to do, I knew not. I fixed my eye on him, and tried to master him by staring him out of countenance. We were both silent for a few moments. At last my friend said to me: "Your tale is ingenious, young man; but it breaks down. If you were going to dine with Mr Chilmark at — Rectory, how come you to be here, a distance of six miles from your pretended destination?"

I then explained that I knew the rural dean, Mr Singleton, was going to dine with Mr Chilmark—that I was a stranger in the county, and was not acquainted with the roads—that the turnpike-woman told me it was Mr Singleton's carriage which passed us at the gate, and that I had followed it, and consequently found myself where I now was.

Light began to dawn somewhat upon the obfuscated senses of both of us. It struck me that my supposed madman was in all probability really Lord Claydon, and that in some way I had made a mess of the matter—missed my leading carriage in the fog, or done something of that kind. I imagine it began to strike the gentleman opposite that possibly after all I might not be an impostor. Lord Claydon—for so I must call him—then said: "You tell me that you are Mr Temple, the new curate of —. What proofs can you give me that you are what you represent yourself?"

"Plenty to-morrow," replied I; "but not many at present. Look at me, however—do I not appear a gentleman and a clergyman?"

"With a kind of ghastly grin, Lord Claydon said: "That goes for nothing. You are not a bit better got up than—in fact, not so well got up as —. However, I want more proof."

"Proof!" replied I. "Why, go into your drawing-room, and see if some of your neighbours do not possess more information than yourself, and ask them whether or not a Mr Temple has not very recently come to be curate of —."

"Oh, very likely that is the case, sir; but I want proofs that you are that Mr Temple."

"Proofs, man!" I cried, getting very impatient—"proofs, man! Why, what am I to do? I cannot refer you to my mother, for she is not here; I do not carry my card-case in my dress-coat; and my wife's evidence is, I suppose, not admissible. I tell you, though, what I can do—I beg to refer you to my pocket-handkerchief, my stockings, and the tail of my shirt. If you like to inspect them, you will find 'Edward Temple' written in marking-ink." So saying, I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief, and indignantly threw it on the table. Lord Claydon took it up, carelessly glanced at it, and then, smiling, shewed me "E. H. C." embroidered in the corner. To my intense annoyance, I saw that my wife had placed in my pocket a fine scented handkerchief of her own, that I might seem grand, I suppose; and not only that, but the pocket-handkerchief was one of her marriage outfit; and marked—goodness knows for what reason, though I could suggest many, and none of them creditable to the fair sex—with the initials of her maiden name—the said pocket-handkerchief, mind you, being never to be used till she became Mrs Edward Temple. I was not

pleased at all this; and you know it too, Lizzie," said Ned, turning to his laughing wife, and then went on: "I explained matters to Lord Claydon, and said: 'It really looks awkward; but may I beg you to examine my stockings, and the tail of my shirt. My wife's stockings would not fit me, and she can hardly have a shirt made like this.' So saying, I began to kick off my dress Wellington boot."

Lord Claydon interrupted me: "My dear sir, I cannot allow that. Be kind enough to forgive and excuse me for what has taken place. I could not subject a gentleman to the test you propose; and if I have by any chance been taken in again"—and he laughed—"all I can say is, I have been deceived by the most perfect fac-simile of a gentleman."

"Come, Ned, draw it mild," suggested Settler Dick.

"Well," returned Ned, "those were the words he used, and as he spoke, he held out his hand: 'Forgive me, will you?' Our hands met in a mutual squeeze. He sat down for a moment at the table, wrote a hasty note, and then taking my arm within his, led me to the drawing-room. As he crossed the hall, he gave the note to a servant, with a message, of which all I caught was: 'Give that to —.'"

A few moments after we entered the drawing-room, dinner was announced. Lord Claydon took my wife in, and I had an honourable companion intrusted to my care, and found myself in a prominent position at the table. The first glass of champagne had just been handed round, when, in a kind of stage-whisper, the butler announced to Lord Claydon: "The policeman has come, my lord." His Lordship bit his lip, and looked sheepish, but said nothing.

After dinner, a note was handed to him. He hastily skimmed it, and at once rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, at an ordinary dinner-party, speeches are detestable, and the drinking of healths a thing of bygone days; and yet I must make the one, and propose the other. Lady Claydon and I had asked our new neighbours, Mr and Mrs Templeton, to dine here to-day. We had not met on the occasion of our calling, but I had had Mr Templeton pointed out to me in the street. When Mr and Mrs Temple were introduced, I naturally concluded they were Mr and Mrs Templeton, especially as my butler mumbled the name, though I confess Mr Temple hardly appeared to be the same person who had been pointed out to me in the street as Mr Templeton. However, persons look different by candlelight and daylight. When Mr and Mrs Templeton were afterwards ushered into the drawing-room, I was astonished. I at once recognised Mr Templeton as the gentleman who had been pointed out to me under that name. The question, of course, arose, who can Mr Temple be? He must be an impostor. We adjourned to my library, and a discussion took place between us, which, on my part, was certainly more animated than polite. It ended in my being quite satisfied that Mr Temple was a gentleman, though how he came to my house I cannot exactly understand. I wrote a hurried line to Mr Chilmark just before dinner, and I have now got an answer to the effect that Mr Temple was to have dined with him to-day, but that he is glad to learn that by accident he is enjoying what Mr Chilmark is pleased to call the superior hospitalities of Claydon Castle. As to

superior hospitalities, all I can say is, that I most sincerely hope Mr Temple will kindly forgive my inhospitable treatment of him before dinner. I will make him the most ample apology he likes for my uncourteous suspicion; and let me add for his information—for the rest of you have heard the story—that my uncourteous suspicions arose from the fact of a well-got-up, gentlemanly clergyman calling here a few days ago with his wife at luncheon-time. He represented himself as being the Secretary for the Society for —, shewed me his receipt-book, and talked glibly of matters and persons connected with the Society. The end of the affair was that he and his wife lunched here. I paid him a cheque for five hundred pounds, being a legacy lately left by my friend, Mr —, to the Society. Unfortunately for me, I happened to be Mr —'s executor. I also paid him my annual subscription to the Society. He and his wife made a good lunch, pocketed my silver spoons and forks, and their coachman stole some things from the stable and the servants-hall. So you see, Mr Temple, I am just now more than usually suspicious of gentlemanly parsons."

'A good-natured laugh at the expense of Lord Claydon and myself ran round the table. It appeared on inquiry that Mr Ambrose, who was dining with Lord Claydon, drove a pair of greys and a close carriage, as likewise did Mr Singleton, the rural dean, who was dining with Mr Chilmark. The turnpike-woman had mistaken one carriage for the other, and owing to the mis-direction, I had followed the wrong carriage. Hence my fix, at the bottom of which you will observe was a woman. However, all's well that ends well. Lord Claydon took very kindly to me. I was a constant visitor at Claydon Castle; and when the living I now hold became vacant, Lord Claydon used his influence successfully with the late Lord Chancellor to get me appointed as the new vicar.'

DAVID GARRICK.

Ir, as it is acknowledged on all hands, it is a difficult matter to write the biography of any man, retaining such things as illustrate his character, and yet avoiding diffuseness, how much more embarrassing is it to condense such a work (and especially if, as in the present case, it be a very long one) into the compass of a few pages. Mr Percy Fitzgerald has accomplished to admiration his task of presenting to us David Garrick as he lived, and loved, and acted, and in shewing us very lifelike portraits of his contemporaries—the heroes and heroines of the British stage in its most palmy days; but how shall we compress his thousand pages into some three or four, which may still have meaning and attraction for the reader? It is like having to tell all the *Arabian Nights* to some exacting sultan in the compass of a single evening. Yet these two mighty volumes are so full of interest, and the man of whom they treat so distinguished and typical, that we must needs make the trial.

We will not dilate upon the parentage of the greatest actor that ever trod English boards. That the influence of a father, and still more of a mother, is great in developing the character of their children, and among them such as chance to turn out Great Men and Women, is doubtless true; but a

great deal of print is often wasted in biographies upon what we may call Unknown Parents. There are even malicious folks who say that since a biographer is often in want of material, he climbs up the family-tree of the biographee, as high as he can go, and bringing down branch after branch—intrinsically, a mere bundle of sticks—persons who, except for their relationship to his hero, are in no way remarkable, he endeavours to invest them with a fictitious interest. Let it suffice to say that David Garrick, one of a family of seven children, was the third son of one Lieutenant Peter Garrick of the Dragoons, and of Arabella his wife, and that from the latter he inherited the peculiar sweetness of his disposition, and from the former, One Shilling Sterling—left by will. This scanty bequest, however, we must at once state, was not the result of any ill-conduct on the son's part, or ill-feeling on the father's, but simply because David was the protégé of a rich uncle—a wine-merchant at Lisbon, to whom, indeed, he was for a short time apprenticed—and supposed to be provided for by him.

The English Roscius, as our hero was afterwards to be called, was born at the *Angel Inn*, at Hereford (where his father was on the recruiting service), on the 19th of February 1716. His youth was passed at Lichfield, of which place his mother was a native, being the daughter of a vicar-choral of the cathedral there. The literary days of Lichfield—the days of Miss Seward and of Darwin—were as yet a long way off, but 'at the street-corner, opposite St Mary's Church, and its ancient clock that projected like a sign, was the shop of that remarkable bookseller, Mr Michael Johnson—an old house, hanging heavily over the pathway, supported by two clumsy pillars—with the little dark den within, where the books were kept. . . . When the lieutenant's boy was still a mere infant, the bookseller's famous son was just entering the Lichfield grammar-school.' There were seven years between their ages, and David entered the same school just as Samuel had left it and was dreaming of Oxford. The school-master was a ruffian; and when he beat his boys (which was often), poured this vinegar on their wounds: 'This I do to save you from the gallows.' and Davy, we fear, although he picked up some classical knowledge, was an idle boy. He was not fond of games, it was remarked: the lively jest, the pleasant story, were his temptations.

In Lichfield, there was some encouragement of the drama, and strolling players would come there, and 'pour out the usual stilted declamation and passion's sighs which were then the mode.' The bookseller's son would attend these performances in company with his much younger friend, but his dramatic judgment was much inferior. Once, when a very ordinary player was tearing the part of Sir Harry Wildair to tatters, Johnson observed: 'There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow;' but the nicer instinct of the school-boy proclaimed him to be 'the most vulgar fellow that ever trod the boards.'

David, always full of spirit and gaiety, himself organised a juvenile corps of performers, drilled them carefully, and put Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer* in rehearsal. 'The young manager, only eleven years old, took Sergeant Kite for himself, a part of fine fresh humour, and gave the Chambermaid to one of his sisters. The little piece went off admirably; and the spirit, vivacity, and perfect

ease of the young player were long remembered in Lichfield. Captain and Mrs Garrick, the pleased father and proud mother, sitting among the audience in "the large room," little dreamed that they were unconsciously contributing to their son's fatal adoption of that degrading profession—for such it was then considered—the stage. A player was, in the eye of the law of that time, 'a vagabond,' and the strollers only escaped the stocks by the tolerance of the magistrate. One can imagine how Lichfield opinion generally—a country town with a cathedral—must have been shocked when the young man, who had mixed so long in its good society, shewed himself so unimpressed with its teachings as to go upon the boards. However, this was not to happen yet. At a still early age, David was sent to Lisbon, to be made a wine-merchant under his rich uncle; and although that calling did not suit him, and he soon came back, the foreign scenes and folk without doubt did him mental good. The author and the actor are always benefited by the change that 'unsettles' those who are destined for other callings.

In 1731, Captain Garrick exchanged, from pressing motives of economy, into a marching regiment, and was ordered to Gibraltar; but every mail brought him letters from his son David (just fifteen) shewing filial warmth and an unselfishness most rare in boys, and full of domestic and amusing local news. Every topic seems chosen with the nicest tact to cheer the lonely exile; and the whole of these really remarkable epistles have been preserved. When Johnson said (though not by way of excuse, for he was always hard on David) that his friend had learned his thrift in small things from being bred in a half-pay officer's family, where 'the study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do,' he was very right. 'My mamma,' writes tender David to papa, 'received the thirty pounds you were so good as to send. She paid ten pounds to Mr Rider, one year's rent, and ten pounds to y^e baker; and if you can spare her a little more, or tell her you will, she is in hopes of paying all y^e debt, that you may have nothing to fret you when you come home.' All the little shifts and struggles, he tells in a pleasant vein of humour and in a hopeful tone. Sometimes he sends money, sometimes asks for it, though rarely for himself. He is always testifying to his mother's affection for the captain, and unconsciously to his own filial love. 'My mamma is very weak, attended with a lowness of spirits, which compelled her to drink wine, which gives a great deal of uneasiness on two accounts, as it goes against her inclination and pocket.' Then he speaks of his father's portrait, a painting which he valued above all those of Zeuxis. He would sooner have one glance at it than look a whole day at the finest picture in the world; nay, it had this effect upon him that, when he looked at it, he fancied himself far away at Gibraltar, and saw the Spaniards, and sometimes mounted guard. The picture was then in his hand. 'It is the figure of a gentleman, and I suppose military, by his dress. I think his name was one Captain Peter Garrick: perhaps, as you are in the army, you may know him. He is pretty, and, I believe, not very tall. My mamma sighs whenever she passes the picture. . . . She sends her most tender affections. . . . She says your presence would do her more good than all the physicians in Europe.'

When David was about eighteen, he became Johnson's pupil at that private Academy of his,

which did not succeed in spite of its being advertised in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The principal was then married. 'The well-known Tetty, with cheeks flaming with daubs of rouge and the use of cordials,' ruled his house, and was an infinite source of entertainment to the humorous pupil. 'The uncouth fondness of her husband was no less diverting. One of Garrick's happiest pictures, with which he used to make his friends roar, was that of his master's going to bed, which the mischievous youth observed through the keyhole. Johnson would be sitting in a chair by the bedside, writing the tragedy on which he was then engaged (*Irene*), rolling out passages as his excitement rose, and so absorbed in his work that he would be tucking in the bed-clothes with uncouth twitches, fancying he was already in bed.' He little thought the pupil, supposed to be asleep below, was taking notes of him, and far less that the said pupil would one day gratefully bring out that very play at the greatest of the London theatres.

On the collapse of 'the Academy,' master and pupil set out together for London, to seek their fortunes; the former recommended to one Mr Colson as 'a poet,' and doomed for years to be a bookseller's hack; the latter, with better credentials, and under more favourable auspices, although in later years Johnson delighted to hurt 'Davy's' pride by representing him in as bad plight as himself, or even worse.

When David was about of age, and on his own slender resources, arrived the seasonable bequest of those thousand pounds from his uncle, which enabled him to prepare himself suitably for that beloved profession, which only his love for his mother (now widowed), and tenderness for her scruples, had prevented him from embracing long ago. He gave up the law, for which Mr Colson was somehow to have qualified him, and under the advice of his friend Gifford, the manager of 'the pretty little theatre in Goodman's Fields,' made his first appearance before a provincial audience (at Ipswich) in Aboan, the black lieutenant of Oroonoko, under the theatrical name of Mr Lyddal. He was received very warmly; and then played Chamont in the *Orphan*, in which he made a still greater success. Afterwards, he played Captain Brazen in the *Recruiting Officer*, in such a manner that not only the town's folk but even the country squires came flocking in to hear him. No wonder, after such successes, that law and the wine-trade—in which he was supposed to be engaged, in partnership with his brother*—seemed dull enough. Yet town managers smiled scornfully at his Ipswich credentials, and Rich and Fleetwood, who had the two great houses, both refused him an engagement. 'A small, well-made young man, of genteel appearance, seemed scarcely of the stuff for a tragedian of the first class, for this was, of course, the office he was aiming at, and no meaner rank would have been accepted.' In the midst of these difficulties, his 'partner' brother, Peter, came up to town, and he had to counterfeit an interest in the wine business, which was not, by the by, a prosperous concern; indeed, he was worried by the two causes into a severe illness. Suddenly, in the year 1741, on a certain October morning, Mr

* They really had vaults and offices at the bottom of one of the streets leading out of the Strand, and there is a business receipt extant, for the payment for two dozen of red port, at 18s. a dozen, signed 'for self and Co. October 1739—D. GARRICK.'

Peter received a letter from David,* with what seemed a fatal piece of news, 'though broken with every art of excuse and appeal to brotherly affection and personal interest,' that the Rubicon had been crossed; that, 'on the night before, Mr David Garrick had appeared before a London audience, at Goodman's Fields' Theatre, with the most astounding success!'

The truth was, not only was Garrick a born actor (allowed at last by even jealous Samuel Johnson to be unparalleled in both tragedy and comedy, but greatest in comedy), but he found the British stage in a miserably artificial state, and imported thither the natural emotions naturally expressed. 'The solemn mouthings, the buckram, and sawings,' he had seen and despised. 'On that Monday night, the performance began at six o'clock with a few pieces of music. [The manager had no license for theatrical performances, for in these illiberal days it was very hard to get; so advertised a concert, and gave the play in gratuitously.] Then the curtain rose on *The Life and Death of Richard III.*; and after the first scene, at that nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing. Macklin, though quarrelling with Garrick later, always talked fondly of this glorious night, the delight he felt, the amazing surprise and wonder at the daring novelty of the whole, and yet, at the same time, the universal conviction of the audience that it was right. . . . There, too, was sitting "Gentleman Smith," the airy actor, who had a university education, and could boast that he had never blacked his face, or gone down a trap. . . . It was recollected long afterwards, that when Garrick came on and saw the crowded house, he was disconcerted, and remained a few seconds without being able to proceed. But he recovered himself. No wonder he surprised that audience. It was so new—and was all new. They found themselves in a fresh dramatic world, and were at first mystified, and scarcely knew whether they were to sanction this daring violation of all the old sacred rules. What astonished them was the absence of the "plain chant" or sing-song, the dead-level declamation, now rising, now falling—either dry, hoarse, and croaking, or ear-piercing. This was free and natural. The surprising novelty was remarked, "that he seemed to identify himself with his part." They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of Richard were seen in his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words. There was a perpetual change and variety. One effect at last overbore all hesitation, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause: it was when he flung away the Prayer-book, after dismissing the deputation—a simple and most natural action, yet marked with originality—and then the audience first seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them. Quin would have stalked, and mouthed, and "paved" a whole half-hour to express all that that graphic motion conveyed.' Journals in those times had small space for anything but news; yet the *Daily Post* of the next morning contained this

* 'Finding,' writes Garrick, 'that both my inclination and interest required some new way of life, I have chosen ye one most agreeable to myself; and though I fear you will be much displeased at me, yet I hope, when you find that I have ye genius of an actor, you will not be displeased at it. . . . I shall make very nearly £300 a year at it; and as it is what I dote upon, I am resolved to pursue it.'

passage: 'Last night was performed, gratis, the tragedy of *King Richard III.*, at the late theatre in Goodman's Fields, when the character of Richard was performed by a gentleman who never appeared before, whose reception was the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion.' Another notice in the *Champion* tells us, not only how he acted, but how his predecessors had been accustomed to act. 'When three or four are on the stage with him, he is attentive to whatever is spoken, and never drops his character when he has finished a speech, by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, unnecessary spittings, or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators.'

On the 2d of November, what was felt by Garrick to be a great honour arrived to him. Pope, then sickly and fast failing, and who had 'given up theatres,' was persuaded by Lord Orrery to come and see him act. He beheld 'a little figure in black, seated in a side-box, whose eyes seemed to shoot through him like lightning.' Notwithstanding the poet's old natural prejudice in favour of Betterton, his verdict was: 'That young man never had his equal, and will never have a rival;' but he expressed his apprehension that the actor would become vain, and ruined by applause. Garrick was fated to have several rivals—and great ones—but hardly in any rôle to find an equal. But he was safe from too much triumph. Every step of his life was marked by the utmost prudence.

At Christmas, a farce was brought out at Goodman's Fields, the *Lying Valet*, written by Garrick himself, wherein he acted the part of Sharp. 'It was thought the most diverting farce ever performed; there was a general roar from beginning to end. So great was his versatility, that people were not able to determine, he told his brother, whether he was best in tragedy or comedy. On his benefit, his real name was placed in the bills for the first time. Quin, 'long the established tragedian, and in command of the town,' had his nose put out of joint, as they say in the nursery, and was proportionally hostile. 'If this young fellow be right,' cried he, 'then we have all been wrong.' He called Garrick 'the Whitfield of the stage,' and added, that though the sectary was followed for a time, they would soon all be coming back to church again. Garrick, informed of this, answered him with sting enough:

Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar;
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more;
When doctrines meet with general reprobation,
It is not Heresy, but Reformation.

What strikes one most forcibly of the incidental matter in these volumes is, first, the terrible personality with which discussion of all sorts was carried on, not only in conversation and print, but in mimicry upon the stage; and secondly, that when anybody had thought of 'a good thing,' he laboriously set to work to put it in verse. At this last, as indeed in all social accomplishments, Garrick acquitted himself to admiration. Such talents of course greatly attracted society, and this young genius, who 'dearly loved a lord,' was for ever dining with persons of high rank, and being caressed by them. But as to the habit of personality, although Garrick never indulged in it in the same brutal, malignant manner as did his enemy Foote, and others, he was not free from that vice of the time.

Garrick had great nobility of spirit, was always ready to acknowledge when he was in the wrong, to make all reparation in his power, and to forgive his enemies, of whom his success made many and bitter ones. His modesty was most remarkable, especially at the time of which we are now speaking, when flushed with youth and triumph. He was privately studying *Lear* (at 26!), 'destined to prove perhaps his finest tragic conception;' but he took no serious step without consideration. 'Macklin and the jovial physician, Barrowby, were taken into council. . . . On the 11th of March, he came forward in this character. The two friends were in the pit, charged to criticise jealously; and though it was well received by the audience, they were not at all satisfied. They told him frankly that he had scarcely caught the spirit of old age, and was too young; he did not shew enough infirmity. . . . Macklin often described the scene—the young actor sitting, pencil in hand, and carefully noting those remarks; at the end, he thanked them, and said he would not play the character again until he had thoroughly reconsidered and studied it.'

In June, he went to Dublin, the charming Peg Woffington being engaged to play with him, and was received with enthusiasm. 'A sort of epidemic, fancifully set down to the overcrowded houses, was long recollected as the Garrick fever. Young men of fashion began to use cant phrases: "That's your Garrick," "As gay as Garrick," &c. He was the rage.'

Returned to London, he found himself more popular than ever. He had but one failure. Mrs Woffington, on her benefit-night, yielded to him her own celebrated part of Sir Harry, and, by comparison with her, he failed. He was in love with her at that time, and long afterwards; and strove to win the wanton, yet kind-hearted and generous woman to a more worthy course of life—in vain. She was fond of him, but she liked a good many others also. The story is too long for us to tell.

When Macklin and Garrick quarrelled—and how the players *did* quarrel with one another! the former attacked him in the public journals, after the pleasant fashion of the times, and by inflammatory hand-bills, contrived to cause such a riot in the theatre that the curtain had to be let down. But the next night, Manager Fleetwood, who was a sporting gentleman, and had friends among 'the Fancy,' caused prize-fighter Broughton and a select body of pugilists to be admitted into the pit. 'Just before the curtain rose, the leader of this formidable band stopped the music, and standing up, said, in a loud rough voice: "Gentlemen, I am told some persons have come here with an intention of interrupting the play. Now, I have come to hear it, and have paid my money; and advise those who have come with such a view to go away, and not hinder my diversion." This plain and sensible speech raised a terrific uproar. The bruisers drew together, began the fray, and very soon cleared the pit of the Macklinites.' But Garrick was fated to see greater riots from the boards than this on his account, and with much more serious results. When manager of Drury Lane (in 1757), the populace took umbrage at his employing certain French dancers. 'The benches were torn up, the decorations dragged down, the lustres demolished. . . . It was even proposed to fire the house. . . . The tumult went on for

many nights. . . . The mob went to Garrick's house in Southampton Street, and smashed his windows. . . . When the unlucky dancers had been sent away, a scene more dramatic than any in the bright comedy appointed for the night took place. As Garrick made his *entrée* as Archer, there were angry murmurs of "Pardon," "Beg pardon;" on which he advanced slowly, bowing with infinite respect, and at the same time infinite firmness. He then explained how he had been treated—wantonly, malignantly, both as respected his property and his character. He gratefully acknowledged all the favours that had been heaped on him during his career; but declared that unless he was that night permitted to perform his duty to the best of his ability—he was above want, and superior to insult—he would never perform again. This spirited and feeling address . . . had a surprising effect. For a moment, there was a pause, then a shout, prolonged for many moments, made the old rafters ring. In all the records of theatrical difficulties, there is nothing to equal this victory.'

Almost as insolent as the mob, and still more difficult to soothe, were the playwrights, who harassed Garrick's existence as a manager. Garrick was soft-hearted, and not seldom accepted plays for the sake of the writers. Thus it was with Johnson's absurd *Irene*, to which the united efforts of Garrick, Barry, and Mrs Pritchard were unable to give life. The manager contrived to keep it before the public for nine nights, in order to secure the author's three nights' profits, and yet the doctor was not pleased, but was heard growling in the orchestra. We may say here, that according to Mr Fitzgerald's shewing, Johnson's habitual conduct to his friend 'Davy' was insolent (when it was not patronising) to the last degree. Murphy and he used to talk aloud and carelessly in the theatre during Garrick's most impressive scenes; and when the latter remonstrated, observing that such behaviour distressed and embarrassed him, the brutal scholar replied: 'Pooh, sir; *Punch* has no feelings.'

At thirty-six, Garrick, disenchanted of the Woffington, fell in love with the lady that was destined to be his wife. Violette was a favourite young French dancer, but her private life was much retired, and indeed almost solely passed in the family of the Earl of Burlington, who were all greatly attached to her. Her own history, before arriving in this country, was a romance in itself, but we have no space for it.

This kind-hearted and beautiful girl was married to Garrick in June 1749, and had a fortune of ten thousand pounds settled upon her; six thousand pounds of which came from the Burlingtons, and four thousand pounds from the bridegroom. Never was a more affectionate married couple; and at the close of his life the husband makes the remarkable declaration, that he had never been away from his wife for a single day during the eight-and-twenty years they had been united. Mrs Garrick long survived her husband, for she lived to the surprising age of ninety-eight, and to have 'a hundred head of nieces.' What recollections must have been hers! What bright agreeable scenes lying in the far-distant youth-time! There was not a more popular pair in England than Roscius and she, when they were bride and bridegroom. Nay, they were as much fêted on the continent, where they made the Grand Tour, as they were at home. Even Voltaire deigned to shew his admiration of

the great actor, and wished to see him at Ferney, and offered to put his little theatre there at his service. Perhaps there never lived a man (notwithstanding the bitterness of those his success cast into the shade) whose life was such a continued triumph as Garrick's. His talent for management was as great as his genius for acting. All he touched turned to gold. He was thrifty and provident, and had the general reputation of being 'near,' but this opinion his biographer indignantly protests was unjust. Certainly, his magnanimity did not end with the forgiveness of injuries; he gave away large sums of money even to those who had shamefully used him; indeed, his generosity was princely, and yet we are more inclined to agree with his detractors upon this point, than with Mr Fitzgerald. He seems to us to have been one of those not uncommon characters who are munificent (though far from ostentatious) in the bestowal of benefits, but who yet take unnecessary care of the pence. The cause of this prudence was, no doubt, his early training. The following anecdote, though illustrative, as our author remarks, of the bad taste and ill-nature of Garrick's friends, rather than of his own nearness, yet does seem to us illustrative of that also. Such an audacious trick could scarcely have been played, even by the most vulgar of guests, unless the host was known to be very 'near' indeed. 'Garrick had given a large dinner-party to Mrs Cibber, Fielding, Macklin, and others. When the company was gone, Garrick's Welsh servant went over his rails with great glee. "There is half-a-crown from Mrs Cibber; Got pless her! and here is something from the poet; Got pless his merry heart!" This was Fielding's donation, which was done up in paper, and found to be a penny. Garrick, next day, with perfect good taste and good sense, reproached Fielding with choosing a *servant* for the subject of such a jest. The other offensively replied, that it was no jest on the servant, but a benefit; for if he had given him half-a-crown, his master would have taken it, whereas he now had a *chance* of keeping it mainly for himself.'

It is quite touching to read what a coarse unsensitive set of people it was the tender-hearted and graceful actor's fate to be thrown amongst, from Johnson downwards. There were thorns indeed on his bed of roses; else, as we have said, his life was a most fortunate one: never (with the exception of one season, owing to his unpopular abolition of 'half-price' during the run of a new play)—never, as an actor, did he cease to draw, or as manager of old Drury, to fill that mighty house.

Even his enemies and rivals could not but acknowledge his wonderful gifts. 'Clive was seen one night standing at the wing (when he was playing Lear), abusing him and weeping by turns, until, angry with herself for being so wrought on, she turned away impatiently, with a "D— him, he could act a *gridiron*." Once, when he was down

at the front of the stage, in one of his tempests of agony, he unconsciously pulled the white wig to one side, and exposed his own black hair underneath. With any other actor, this would have been fatal; but the working of his face and the light of the wonderful eyes, held the audience spell-bound.'

It must be remembered that this man was not exhibiting his art before mere idle spectators, who had come to the theatre because they had nought else to do; there were dramatic critics in those days—not newspaper ones, but men who felt really an intense interest in the stage. These, 'sitting in the pit, watched him narrowly, and sent him, anonymously, some really acute and useful hints, which the sensible actor was most thankful for, and adopted with gratitude'—though this, of course, was in comparatively early days. There came a time when nobody could teach him anything of his art which he did not know; when 'the part of crooked-back Richard,' as it was called in the bill, 'which he had touched and retouched like a picture,' was perfected. If Garrick, as it must be allowed he did, sinned against Shakespeare in his revisings and alterations, no man was ever such an exponent of our national poet, or made his power so widely felt. And even those 'tinkerings' of his were not mere journeyman's work, and keep the stage to this day. 'There are many who go to our theatres now, and are melted over the wakening of Juliet in the tomb, the long and touching scene between the lovers that follows, and never dream that Romeo should have died just after his combat with County Paris. The whole of that interview is a clever bit of sham Shakspearian writing * really well done, even to the 'fathers have flinty hearts,' which has been sometimes quoted as a bit of the genuine stuff. Besides his wonderful illustrations of the passions, Garrick would strike on some good and new emphasis, such as in *Richard*:

Rich. Have you seen Anne, my wife?

My Lord, she is exceeding ill.

Rich. Has my physician seen her? She'll mend shortly.

'That famous tent-scene of his, which Hogarth painted, seems to have deserved all this admiration. When he started from his sleep, his face, attitude, everything, was a picture of horror and terrors. He called out boldly, as if in the battle: "Give me another horse!" Then paused—and with dismay in his face, came forward, crying out in misery: "Bind up my wounds!" Then, dropping on his knee, prayed in the most piteously tender accent: "Have mercy, Heaven!" . . . In the battle-scenes, he was as loud, fierce, and furious as could be imagined. When the news of Buckingham's being taken was brought in, he uttered Cibber's—not Shakspeare's—famous

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!

with such enjoyment and heartfelt delight, that the audience burst into perfect shouts of applause.

. . . The death-scene was made a terrible

* 'Twixt death and love, I'm torn; I am distracted—
But death's strongest—

is Garrick.

I'll not wed Paris: Romeo is my husband!
is Otway.

Oh, let me hear some voice
Besides my own, in this drear vault of death!

These lines are from the *Mourning Bride*!

* Garrick found the stage in such a condition, that alterations of many kinds were absolutely necessary, but he reaped much disfavour in carrying his point. Young men of fashion used not only to remain behind the scenes, but to crowd the stage itself during the performance. 'It was the custom, too, for ladies to send their footmen before the play, dressed up in gaudy liveries, who sat in the best places for two or three acts, and thus kept the places. This was an incongruous sight enough, as ladies of the first rank often found themselves seated, through a whole piece, beside a servant.'

spectacle." Mr Fitzgerald gives us, from the best contemporary sources—some of them his enemies, such as Foote—very graphic descriptions of his rendering of each principal character, from Lear (in which he used to move the very sentries, whom it was then the privilege of the house to have upon the stage, to tears, and from whose curse the audience seemed to shrink away and cower, it was so terrible and lifelike) to Abel Dragger.

In 1776, Garrick gave that famous series of 'farewell performances' which forms the most brilliant epoch in the annals of the British stage. 'What a procession of characters—his best and finest—made yet finer by the special character of the occasion, and his natural determination to excel himself.' He had gout, stone, and sore throat. 'I dread the fight and the fall in *Richard*, for I am afterwards in agonies,' writes he; 'yet I am in spirits.' The excitement of these nights was something marvellous. 'Curwen, the American loyalist clergyman, then in England, came often to Drury Lane door, but could not get in. Northcote long after used to tell of the crushing and the crowds. Hannah More, up from Bristol, could hardly trust herself to speak of the effect produced upon her. 'I pity those who have not seen him. Posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfections. The more I see him, the more I admire. . . . It seems to me as if I was assisting at the obsequies of the different poets. I feel almost as much pain as pleasure.' The highest persons in the land were begging for boxes and places, and were disappointed. Lady Colebrooke offered an extra sum, for she was desirous that her children should see Mr Garrick, and be able to talk of that night fifty years after. Wilkes came from Dublin; Madame Neckar, from Paris. On June 5, 1776, *Richard* was given before the king and queen, and on the 10th, he closed his professional career with Don Felix. 'What a night for Drury Lane! . . . Frenchmen present were struck by the almost mournful character of the scene. . . . He himself thought that he played with even more spirit than he had ever done before. . . . When Mrs Centlivre's wit was done, and the curtain had shut out that Don Felix for ever, there came a moment of suspense, of even awe. The great stage was now quite empty, and then the departing actor was seen to come forward very slowly. Behind, the stage, filled with groups of the players, eager not to lose a point of this almost solemn situation. Not a sound was heard. . . . His face was seen to work as he tried to speak.' He could scarcely get through his few sentences of thanks and farewell. 'Then he retired slowly—up—the stage, his eyes fixed on that vast audience with a lingering longing, and then stopped. The shouts of applause from that brilliant amphitheatre were broken by sobs and tears. To his ears were borne from many quarters the word "Farewell, Farewell!" Mrs Garrick (always near him) was in her box in an agony of hysterical tears. The wonderful eyes, still brilliant, were turned wistfully again and again to that sea of sympathetic faces, till at last, with an effort, he tore himself from their view.'

Garrick lived for only two years after this farewell. No actor had ever died so rich, or so well earned his riches. He left a hundred thousand pounds behind him, and was buried, as everybody knows, in Westminster Abbey, on the 1st of February 1779. 'The line of carriages extended from

the Strand to the Abbey. . . . On each side of the player's bier, holding the pall, were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Camden, the Earl of Ossory, Earl Spencer, Lord Palmerston, and Sir Watkin Wynne. Round his grave, appropriately opened under Shakspeare's monument, crowded Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, and a great number of distinguished men.'

'I am disappointed,' cried Johnson, when he heard that 'cheerful Davy' was gone, 'by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.'

BLONDEL PARVA.

CHAPTER III.—'NOTHING—NOTHING WHATEVER.'

EIGHT years ago, when Charles Milton and Maurice Glyn graduated at Cambridge, after three years of unbroken college intimacy, there was no marked difference in their ways of life, or even their habits of thought; and now there was scarcely anything in common between them, save their friendship.

At the epoch I speak of—to many the turning-point of life, the spot from which its roads often diverge, some up, some down, so widely, that thenceforth these fellow-travellers never meet again—Charles 'went in for the Vol' (the 'voluntary examination' preparatory to entering the church), was 'japped' (ordained), and took a curacy in the country—preferring the sacred calling to that of commerce, which his uncle and sole guardian, a rich merchant in the City, had marked out for him. The change these simple proceedings worked with him in a year or two was so extraordinary, that the theory of the apostolic succession might have almost rested on his example. He had become by that time (not, however, that he had been particularly the reverse before) orthodox in belief, pure in morals, an admirer of the landed gentry, a denouncer of the penny press, and a welcome guest in every cottage in his parish where the inmates did not sing psalms upon week-days.

Maurice Glyn, who, like his friend, was an orphan, had but a few hundred pounds a year of his own, read fiction for the usual period, in a pleader's chambers, and was presently called to the bar; his profession, however, as I have said, was literature. He had good talents and excellent spirits, the latter of which atoned for him for the former with the literary Bohemians, with whom he was a great favourite; but he did not belong exclusively to their honourable society. On the contrary, he had contributed to the *Superfine Review*, until the whim had suddenly seized him to write a novel, which had been a success. Since then, he had given up criticism to his friends, and applied himself entirely to providing them with subjects. His views upon religious matters were vague, if not hazy, and his morals somewhat dependent on circumstances; but he was neither sceptical nor depraved. He had a hatred of injustice more honest than was ever entertained by

* There were other actors and great ones left, but none so great as he. His widow, who always had her box at Drury Lane, admitted, however, that Kean approached him in *Richard*, though in nothing else. Her criticism upon him in another part is capital. 'Dear sir,' she wrote, 'you cannot act Abel Dragger.—Yours, M. GARRICK.' The answer was: 'Madam, I know it.—Yours, E. KEAN.'

knight-errant of old, for he had no respect whatever for social position; courteous as well as compassionate to the poor, he was compassionate as well as courteous to women; and true to his friend as steel, he was bitter and rather unscrupulous against his enemy.

'I am always civil in the first instance; I never "begin" it,' said he on one occasion, when excusing himself from this last charge; 'and therefore, if a man be rude or pick a quarrel with me, he must be a born beast, and I treat him accordingly.'

There was some truth in what Maurice Glyn said; but feeling that he was 'good company' with most people, he did not understand that the very geniality and frankness which proved his charm with them, might be an impertinence and a reproach in the eyes of others.

The Rev. Charles Milton was very far from being among the outraged minority. He appreciated his friend's talents to the full; was well aware, too, in respect of a more important matter, that there was excellent bottom under the mud, and charitably hoped that the mud itself was not very deleterious. In a word, Charles had an affectionate admiration for Maurice, and Maurice had an affectionate respect for Charles.

They are sauntering down the fields towards the priory, each with a hand upon the other's shoulder, like two school-friends out upon a holiday, and well they may, for they are still boys at heart.

'Look, there is the ruin, Maurice; that is the Lantern Tower which lifts its head above the trees yonder. It is the only part of the priory visible, until you come close upon it, it is sunk in so deep a dell. How finely the blood-red stone stands out amid the green, does it not?'

'A beautiful and quiet home, indeed,' said Maurice, who had a poetic rather than an artistic eye. 'Such places must have had great attractions for pensive natures vexed with the rudeness of the times.'

'Filled, too, with devout aspirations,' urged the curate—'submitting themselves to that severe Cistercian discipline with eager self-denial—welcoming the hard and narrow bed, the scanty fare'—

'True. But what is that line of ruin across which we stepped without notice?' interrupted Maurice. 'I now perceive it surrounds the whole domain.'

'That is the ancient wall which formed the brethren's deer-park.'

'And what are these two hollows on our left?'

'Those were the fishponds.'

'Good. The cellars were, of course, within the walls. But I cut you short, Charley; welcoming, you were saying, the scanty fare'—

'The deer and fish were for their guests, Maurice; the monks were greatly given to hospitality; but as for their own fare, they ate neither flesh nor fowl, nor eggs, nor even cheese. They had but two meals a day of porridge, and on Fridays only one. Even that wretched fare they partook of in silence. They never spoke to one another except in the locutory. Each slept in his clothes, and with his girdle on, and rose at midnight to sing the divine offices. They had four services a day, besides matins, vespers, and compline. They lived to God, and not to man, and still less to woman. "The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife" was denied to them.'

'My dear Charley,' said Maurice quietly, 'the last prior was reported by the royal commission to

have four wives, and his monks an average of two apiece. I read all about it last night in the *Annales Blondellenses* (or some such name), which you were so indiscreet as to leave in my bedroom. No, no—

Your saintly monk was fat,
And issuing, shorn and aleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek;

and I really can't blame him, if the girls were like yon pretty damsel, who is tripping along to the same goal as ourselves. If I were the prior now, and religiously restricted to four wives, the very next vacancy should be reserved'—

'Don't, Maurice, don't,' said the curate gravely. 'I know you mean no harm, but the jest is misplaced. If ever there was a good girl in the world, in the old times or these, it is Mary Grange. Her father is the keeper of the ruins, and she is his only daughter. The holy place loses none of its sanctity by her presence, any more than by the violets that grow in its chancel.—How are you, Mary?'—for the girl and they had met by this time. 'This is my old college friend, that I have been expecting this long time, you know—Mr Glyn.'

Maurice lifted his cap, and gazed with undisguised but respectful admiration upon the blushing girl, as she stood with downcast eyes and fingers nervously busy with the covered basket she carried in her hand. Her slender figure had scarcely attained the grace of womanhood, but her face was divinely fair; its expression pure as a saint's, modest as a fawn's; and the complexion, unvisited by the sun, so exquisitely delicate, that with her drooping head upon its tender stem, she looked a very lily.

'And what have you got in your basket, Mary?' asked the curate.

'Only father's handiwork, sir. His stock at the priory needs replenishing, so he sent me home for these.'

She drew back the coarse but curd-white cloth, and displayed some pretty wooden paper-knives and book-markers.

'How very nicely carved!' exclaimed Maurice. 'Why, your father must be quite an artist; and no wonder, since he spends his days in so beautiful a spot.'

'Alas, sir, he is blind,' replied the girl. 'He has never seen the place amid which he dwells, although, to hear him talk, you would never think it. He knows every stick and stone. He cuts these little things, sir, out of the elder-trees that grow in the guest-house.'

'Are they for sale?' asked Maurice eagerly.

'Yes, sir. But if you kindly think of buying, be so good as to buy of father, not of me. It pleases him to sell them, above all things, and he has not many pleasures!'

The three had now reached the ruins. Immediately in front of them rose the great north gateway, with its semicircular Norman arch, and a few mossy stones, which had once been seats beneath a porch. Rude planks, with a doorway cut in them, now filled up the stately entrance, and a rusty chain hung from it, which, at Mary's touch, set a cracked bell in motion within-side.

Scarcely had its tinkling ceased, ere the door opened, and an old man appeared, with snow-white hair and beard, but upright as a dart: his light-blue eyes had that fixed and stony stare which belongs to the blind alone.

'I expected you before, darling,' said he fondly. 'I am afraid those paper-knives were hard to find: I told you that it was only I who knew where to lay my hand upon them.'

'He thinks he can find everything better than folks with sight,' whispered the girl softly. 'He knew my ring of the bell, you see, sir, though it would sound the same to you as another's.—Here is Mr Milton, father, and a friend of his.'

'Yes, Grange,' said the curate, taking the old man's hand, 'I have brought my friend, Maurice Glyn, here, that you may shew him the priory.'

'Very glad to see you, sir,' said the blind man, turning his eager yet patient face towards the visitor. 'A fine afternoon, and weather that is likely to last, although a cloud or two crosses the sun.'

It was touching to hear the old gate-keeper talk thus, as though he had no affliction that shut him out alike from sun and cloud; and more touching still to watch his daughter's triumphant look as she marked Glyn's surprise.

'Yes,' said Maurice, 'I am fortunate in having the sunshine upon the priory; but still more fortunate, as I am assured, in having you for my guide. They tell me you know every stick and stone of the old place.'

'And so I ought, sir: who better?' returned the blind man. 'I have been here more than thirty years—ten under the Moresby family (all dead and gone now); ten with poor Mr Irby, as was drowned in Start; and ten with Madam; God bless her!—Please to step in, sir; and mind the doorway, for it's rather low.'

Roofless and ruined as was Blondel Priory, perhaps never, in its palmiest days of wealth and power, had it impressed the beholder more with its surpassing beauty. The long transept, in which Maurice Glyn now found himself, was bright with such colours as only Nature herself can use without abuse. The lofty walls, of blood-red sandstone, here jagged against the sky, here pierced for casements that once threw gules and crimson upon the sacred floor, were tapestried with shining leaf and feathery fern; luxuriant foliage strove everywhere to repair the ravages of time; all along the shattered clere-story, in every cranny of broken arch, and in the niches, emptied of their sculptured saints, clustered parasitic flowers; up the ruined bases of the walls, clinging to shaft and pillar, crept wild-roses, exhaling a perfume sweeter beyond compare than any incense censer-swung; the carpet of short grass—a living green—that covered all below, was gemmed with daisies; and on the moss-grown tombs of prior and knight, the many-tinted lichen glowed. Above was the blue sky.

The blind man kept a most unguidelike silence; waiting, as a mother waits to hear the praises of her child, for the admiration which rarely failed to be expressed at the first view of his beloved charge. Mary was watching her father's face, unwilling to miss the gleam of satisfaction it was as sure to shew; the curate in his turn gazed on her, and when the expected commendation at last was uttered, derived a pleasure not less great than that of the others, at third hand.

Then the old guide began his archæological patter, upon the copyright of which we will not infringe.

They threaded the long nave, where lay many a mouldering knight, their carven images here clasp-

ing swords, to shew they had perished in battle; here, with crossed legs, to witness they had fought the Saracen; and here again, stretched out at length, with no such good works to boast of, but with devout hands turned upward, trusting to Faith alone. This was a baron of high degree, and patron of the church; and this a spiritual chief, that had erst ruled all the stately place, including the souls of them that dwelt therein: nay, in the once splendid chancel, close by where the high-altar had stood, and sheltered by its very shadow, lay the bones of the high and puissant lord who, 'consulting God, and providing for the safety of his own soul,' had, 'in the name of the Holy Trinity, and in honour of St Agnes of Blondel,' founded the priory itself. The earl had been dust, and his good sword rust, for nearly a thousand years.

Maurice Glyn, who had a sense of the awful Past more deep than most men, and was studiously averse to shew it, here pulled out his cigar-case.

'You heathen!' exclaimed the curate.

'Nay, Charley; but consider what a time it is since this respectable old nobleman smelt incense.'

They wandered on across the cloisters, and the court within them, with its grave-stones levelled with the earth, that studious monks might walk and read there without stumbling. There were no echoes now, nor would have been from scores of sandalled feet, for all the floor was sunny lawn. The guide and visitor walked first, the curate and Mary following. Suddenly, Maurice stopped, and uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

Turning the corner of a highly decorated porch, an unlooked-for spectacle presented itself. In a large apartment, some small portion of whose groined roof still stood, and one fair pillar, whose fallen capital had been replaced by Nature's hand with its, perhaps, first type, a honeysuckle, there were seated on the ground two ladies and a gentleman, eating strawberries and cream. It was too late to retreat, even if the involuntary intruder had been aware (which of course he was not) that the man before him was the object of his friend's dislike.

In another moment, the curate had entered also, and Mrs and Miss Irby and Mr Richard Anstey were introduced to Maurice in due form.

'You are just in time for some strawberries, gentlemen,' exclaimed the hospitable old lady.—'You and Mary can go, Grange; we will shew Mr Glyn the rest of the priory ourselves.—Pretty place, is it not, sir? and as I always say, just the very spot for a picnic.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Maurice, taking the proffered seat between his hostess and her daughter. 'I conclude that this is the refectory?'

'I daresay it was,' said the old lady.

Kate Irby, who seemed at least as pleased to see their party of three thus increased as her mother, uttered a silver peal of laughter. 'No, no; it is the chapter-house,' said she. 'It is here that the old monks sat in solemn conclave, just as the rooks were doing when we disturbed them.—Is it not, Mr Milton?'

'Certainly, Miss Kate. Here the novice besought admittance into the order, having asked humbly of the chapter for "the mercy of God and yours." The austerities of the place were then explained to him'—

'I accept them,' interrupted Maurice gravely, 'and take my strawberries without cream. I feel

myself admitted into this pleasant fraternity, I do assure you.'

Kate smiled with eye and lip. Mrs Irby, too, felt that the visitor had somehow said a very civil thing: no woman, however dull, fails to perceive when a man evinces a desire to please.

'Pray, take some sugar, sir,' said she, 'if you don't mind a paper sugar-basin. It's quite clean, I'll answer for it.'

'My dear mamma!' ejaculated Kate reprovingly.

'O yes, Kate; that's all very well,' retorted the old lady; 'but I know what picnics are, and how things are sometimes wrapped up, and I daresay Mr Glyn does—ham sandwiches in newspapers, and such-like. What I say is, let food be as simple as you please, only let it be clean.'

'The old monks were not so particular as you, Madam,' observed Maurice laughing. 'I was reading only last night some very disagreeable details—only my friend here will listen to nothing against it—about the *miztum* made in this place.'

'Ah, mixture indeed!' exclaimed Mrs Irby contemptuously. 'Nasty stuff enough, I daresay.—Oh, I know what an admirer Mr Milton is of your priors and friars; we often fight about them, we two; but he would not have liked their mode of life in one respect, or else I am much mistaken.' And here the old lady nodded and winked with such extreme sagacity, and grew so purple with a consciousness of her own waggery, that it did not need an *Œdipus* to guess that she was alluding to the celibacy of the clergy.

'O yes, Milton is very susceptible,' observed Maurice coolly, but with the secret reflection that not only was the curate right in his remark, that Mrs Irby was 'not a polished person,' but also that she was about the most embarrassing old lady, considering the circumstances, he had ever had the fortune to meet. 'I am also afraid that he would have been apt to be late at matins, if they took place before nine o'clock.'

'Ah, I see you know him well,' said Madam, chuckling. 'He is a lazy man, is he not?'

There is no shorter method of getting into favour with a certain class of old ladies than by joining with them in a good-natured attack upon some common friend, and Maurice had taken that course designedly. He hoped to be able to put in a good word for the curate with this possible mother-in-law, before he left Blondel Parva.

While he and Mrs Irby thus rattled on together, the other three had maintained a silence which was becoming oppressive; but here Richard Anstey rose with a yawn ('You're a beast,' thought Maurice), and muttering something about going to have a pipe in the Lantern Tower, strolled sullenly away.

'Now, don't the rest of you young people mind me,' exclaimed the good-natured old lady. 'I have brought my netting with me, and shall sit here comfortably enough till you come back.—Would you not like to climb the tower with your cousin, Katie?'

'Not I, mamma; thank you. I have been there once already to-day, to shew the place from which I took the sketch. Besides, he knows we have no dislike to tobacco.—I am sorry you thought it necessary to throw your cigar away, Mr Glyn.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs Irby; 'it was a great pity, for I daresay it cost you threepence or fourpence at the least. My poor husband never gave less, I know.'

'Thank you,' said Maurice carelessly; 'my cigar was just finished.—You spoke of a sketch, Miss Irby; might I venture to ask to see it?'

'I am sorry to say it is not here,' answered Kate with hesitation.

'That don't matter, child,' said the old lady kindly.—'Come up to the manor-house, Mr Glyn, and see it this evening. Come both of you and dine.—What do you say, Mr Milton? Another day? How I hate that phrase!—Well, come to-morrow, although Richard goes to-night, and there will be no gentleman to do the honours.'

The invitation was accepted at once; and then the three young people sallied forth, leaving the widow, like a captured black-bird, among the meshes of an unfinished cherry-net.

Maurice thought it very strange that, released from the presence of Kate's unpropitious mamma, as well as from that of his rival, the curate made no attempt at conversation with his beloved, but suffered him to monopolise her entirely. Nothing loath to do so, still he could not help remarking his friend's clouded brow and *distracted* air, as well as the want of pertinence in his replies to the questions that were put to him. Presently, the curate dropped behind altogether, and Kate and Maurice wandered over the great ruined fane alone. It was an admirable opportunity for making love, but honourable friendship forbade him to give way to that temptation, and doubtless the pair got to understand one another more quickly than if they had spent their time in pretty speeches. The place and circumstances had naturally suggested a quotation from the *Princess*, and Maurice found that Kate was, like himself, an attentive student of the sweetest singer of our time: thence they had glanced at the rights and privileges of the sex, contrasting its modern position with that it occupied of old: then their views of social matters were interchanged.

'Could that old life, amid the relics of which they were now straying, have been a happy one?'

Kate thought it could. Independently of devotional feeling, which doubtless actuated many, the poor novice who joined Blondel Priory was no longer the servant of many masters, but of the church alone: he was certain of a home, of enough, at all events, for his physical needs. The battle of life—the struggle for necessities, which in those times, as now, went on unceasingly among our poor—was so far gained. The monks were sure of bed and board, and a roof to cover them.

'You have that horror of poverty which belongs to all delicate and graceful natures, Miss Irby,' returned Maurice; 'but I am greatly mistaken if you would not bear it well, should poverty befall you.'

'No,' said she with a little shudder; 'I could not endure it. I would rather die than face what is called penury—want. At the risk of your setting me down as a sadly material personage, Mr Glyn, I must confess that the not having enough to eat and drink seems to me among the worst misfortunes—far worse than any spiritual troubles, for instance, those religious doubts and difficulties, for involuntarily entertaining which these poor old monks used to scourge themselves and wear hair-shirts. I am neither devotee nor philosopher. The worst of poverty is by no means, in my eyes, that it may make one ridiculous; I should not like the slights, the rubs and snubs, and far less the insolences.—Hark! what is that?'

'I heard nothing,' said Maurice, 'but the cawing of the rooks.—Pray, go on with what you were saying.'

'Well, in a word, I should not like to be otherwise than what I am, a lady—I mean what the world calls a lady, for to have expensive tastes, without the means of gratifying them, education without the surroundings of refinement (like Mary Grange, the guide's daughter here, a girl that knows twice as much as I do, thinks twice as deeply, feels twice as sensitively, yet lives in a hovel, and is glad of broken victuals), that would be terrible! No; I must have two gowns (and more), and everything handsome about me, like Dogberry.'

'What! carriages and horses?' cried Maurice, thinking of his friend the curate. 'It may make some poor man's heart ache, one day, to hear you confess as much.'

'No, no,' laughed Kate; 'I am not so bad as that. Wealth does not dazzle me.' Here she spoke more gravely, with the remembrance, perhaps, of what had taken place that morning in her mind. 'If I love comfort, I do not covet splendour — Hark! there is that scream again; I was sure I heard it.'

This time, Maurice also caught what seemed indeed like a woman's cry for help; some broken steps beside him led to a tottering wall, from which half the ruin could be seen, and he sprang up there on the instant.

'What is the matter, Mr Glyn? What is it that you see? Pray, tell me.'

For a few moments, he did not answer; then: 'Nothing, nothing whatever,' said he; but yet he did not quit his post.

'You are not deceiving me, I trust, sir,' cried Kate piteously. 'Is my mother safe? Look to the chapter-house—the roof!'

'The roof—what is left of it at least—is just where it has been for eight hundred years or so, and your mother is working away, like Penelope at her web. There are some people playing at hide-and-seek in the nave.'

'Oh, I daresay, excursionists,' exclaimed Miss Irby pettishly. 'I hope they have enjoyed themselves, for they have destroyed my pleasure for the day.—Let us go back to my mother, Mr Glyn.'

Kate looked so pale that Maurice did not attempt to dissuade her, and besides, he perceived that she was not quite satisfied with his report. They found the old lady sitting just where they left her.

'What have you done with Mr Milton?' cried she; 'and where is Richard?'

'I know nothing of them, mamma; but I have had such a fright about you—it was only some stupid people playing at hide-and-seek in the nave—but I thought I heard you scream.'

'Silly child!' answered the old lady; 'I ain't afraid of frogs; see, I've caught two in my net, poor little things. It's getting damp—that's what brings them out—and I am glad you came, because of my rheumatics.—In the absence of these truants, Mr Glyn, perhaps you will escort us home?'

To this request, Maurice of course acceded; albeit he was very curious to see his friend, and receive an explanation of the scene he had witnessed from the summit of the abbey-wall. What he had described to Miss Irby as 'Nothing, nothing whatever,' had indeed been a very interesting spectacle; no less than that of Mr Richard Anstey, magistrate for the county, lying upon the grassy floor of the south transept, and the Rev. Charles

Milton, M.A., standing over him, with one hand clenched, and his right foot planted (apparently with emphasis) upon that prostrate gentleman's white waistcoat.

CHAPTER IV.—AFTER LONG YEARS.

Evening had fallen upon Blondel Priory, touching its blood-red summits with a deeper glow, and leaving its quiet chambers yet more still. Nothing in that secluded dell—the casket of one of Time's fairest jewels—is now heard, save the unceasing song of the pebbly brook, which had for centuries laved its western wall—unceasing, and yet so various; for had it not spoken of something different to all human ears that had cared to listen to it, for unnumbered generations! To the swineherd, before one sacred stone there was laid upon another, of some fair serf-girl, who should be his comfort yet, notwithstanding his scanty dole and many stripes; to the noble founder, of condonation or forgiveness for many a passionate and tyrannous deed; to the monks, let us hope, as its clear waters hurried to the neighbouring sea, of that Eternity to which their own pure lives were as surely tending. While walls decayed and creeds outwore themselves, it had still flowed on, continuous accompaniment to all human thoughts and hopes: lover and mourner, pleasure-seeker and student, had still been soothed or saddened by its gentle strain, had seen in its lucent mirror the wavering image of their future, or the more steadfast presentment of their past.

There is one standing by it now, listening and gazing, like the rest: an old man, to judge by his thin gray hairs and broken looks, and a poor one certainly. He is in rags; his shoes are gaping so that they shew his stockingless and blistered feet, and, perhaps to cool them, instead of using the little wooden bridge, he presently steps into the stream, and wades across. So still it is that the plash of every footfall wakes a slumberous echo in the ruined fane. He approaches the door and listens, then pulls the bell, which clangs and creaks unanswered.

'Grange has gone home, and for all I know, to his long home,' muttered the old man. 'I will try his cottage, or what used to be his cottage, for meat and drink I must have. As for sleeping, I can come back and sleep here; I daresay the roof still holds above the chapter-house; and whether it does or not, is the same to me. Even if it rain, that will not spoil my clothes.' He spoke with bitterness, and the expression of his face was hard and scornful; but presently, as he stood still and listened, it grew milder.

'Why should I be angry?' murmured he. 'I am come here for my pleasure, the only pleasure—God help me!—I have had for many a year. If it is selfish so to do, it is scarcely sinful, as my old pleasures were. I will run no risk; there shall not be the least imprudence; but I must see my Katie's face before I die. It is not much to ask of her in return for—Bah! it is no use trying to deceive one's self; I am a rogue, let me look at myself from which side I will.' He sat down on one of the moss-grown steps outside the door, and fell a-musing. 'She must be twenty now, and beautiful—I will answer for it—though they did use to say she was growing like her father. I should no more know her than she would know me. The last time we were together, I carried her across this very stream: how she laughed, and

chatted, and covered my face with her sweet kisses. Alas, alas !' He hid his face in his large sunburned palms, and groaned aloud ; then sweeping one across his eyes, resumed : ' We had a picnic here that day—my farewell to champagne for ever.' Thanks to it, my spirits were excellent. Nobody guessed that I was worse than a beggar by five thousand pounds of honest debt, and thrice that money owed to sharpers. What a frightful fool was I to bring myself to such a pass ! How *could* I do it ? And yet it was not all my fault : no, not all mine. That cursed Sir Nicholas ! The thief, the traitor ! I have sold many men, myself ; overreached them, lied to them (*cheated* them, some would say), but my *friend*, never ! The dirty villain ! Then, when we broke, to punish me through my poor darling Katie ! To burn his will !' Here some remembrance seemed to tickle the old man, and he uttered a low chuckling laugh. ' Well, that's over, I suppose. He has made another long since, I do not doubt. I wonder who is heir ? Most likely, his nephew Richard : a bad lot by this time, I guess, if at least the boy is father to the man. He must be nearing middle age. How strange it seems—to be in the world, and yet not of it !—to mark how it wags on when a man is dead, as though he had never lived.—Ah, but these wet rags strike cold ! Well, that will help to shorten matters, perhaps. I have gone through what would have killed other men thrice over, during these last years, but the iron frame begins to creak at last ; and I would it were in pieces.' Here he rose, and slowly climbed the footpath towards the village, pausing once at the gap in the old deer-park wall to mutter : ' Susan, I will not see ; there would be risk in that—but only Katie.'

DAVIE CARR.

ARE you asleep, little Davie ? I've slipped away from the gloom ;
It was, oh, so dreary to play in the lonely, darkened schoolroom :
The blinds are all pulled down, and our books are upon the shelf ;
But I don't care for holidays, Davie, when I've no one to play but myself.
You are fast asleep, little coz ; so I won't disturb you, but croon
So softly it will not awake you, but seem like a bit of a tune
You are listening to in your dreams, as you lie there so pale and still.
Your pretty red colour is gone ; I wonder, dear, when it will
Come back : but you've lain so long in that wearisome bed, I suppose
It will hardly come back before the time of the bright June rose.
When the angels that love the flowers come, little Davie, to streak
The close-folded petals, maybe they'll touch your little white cheek.
I think they have got a secret they don't want to tell me yet,
For I heard old Nursey whisper to Aunt : ' When shall we let

Miss Nesta know ' and Aunt Mary said nothing, but turned to the wall.
But when you're up, Davie, they'll find we are sharp enough for them all.

I'm tired of holidays, Davie ; I'd like to do lessons again,
But Aunt looked just as you know she looks when her brow is in pain,
When I offered to bring my books, and said : ' Little Nesta, nay ;
Never mind books just now ; you may go to your dolls and play.'

And when she went out just now with that grieved look upon her face
(I wasn't naughty to bring it there, Davie), I stole from the place,
And I left Miss Doll on the floor in her grand new frock that I've made :
I'll shew it you when you awake, but that won't be yet, I'm afraid.

I've minded your toys for you, Davie ; your little pet bird I have fed ;
And you couldn't have taken more care of your garden yourself, Robert said :
There are funny green letters sprung up, you'd never guess what they are ;
It's a secret, but then you're asleep : D. C. for your name—Davie Carr.

They've cut off your nice little curls ; 'twas a pity, I think ; but maybe
You'll be just as happy without them ; they won't get tangled, you see.

Your hands were brown when you sickened, and now they are just as white
As Aunt's ; and how did you keep the bedclothes so tidy all night ?

You are sleeping a long while, Davie. O dear, I'm afraid if I stay
Any longer, they'll find me here ; so I think I will go away.

If I kiss you, I may awake you ; so good-bye : make haste to get well ;
I am, oh, so lonely without you, more lonely than I can tell.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.